Protection Consistency.

The following is taken from a speech by Senator Whiting at Rockford, Ill., July 4th:

This is an entire new departure on the tariff question. The argument founded on "infant industries," "want of capital," and "lack of skilled workmen," having expired by limitation, new catch words must be invented. "Protection to American labor" and "making a market for the farmer," are constantly sounded, though the tariff would be worthless to them except as it increases the price of their goods, they assure consumers that its effect is to make goods cheaper, and that the tariff tax on imported goods is paid by the foreigner.

They urge the importance of keeping the money at home, while they are spending their millions in Europe on their summer vacations. They have left Henry Clay and Horace Greely in the rear. Such tariff as they advocated is now declared to be free trade.

The tariff now demanded is on the Chinese principle of exclusion—to make room. It is on the assumption that a high tariff is a blessing, and is to be made perpetual; that to accomplish this the internal taxes on spirits and tobacco are to be worse than collected, and then thrown away.

There is a test of the sincerity of protectionists. When Chicago was to be rebuilt after the fire, high tariff men joined tariff reformers in requesting congress to suspend the operation of the tariff for a year in the city of Chicago. The Board of Trade, Mayor, City Council, and leading citizens wanted free trade long enough to rebuild Chicago. Congress granted the prayer on all building material except lumber. Why not on lumber? No reason, only the lumber lords were more influential than Chicago. If Chicago could have spread the tariff tax on the country at large there would not have been the call to have had a sort of people's dispensation of the tariff. But when it was to come out of their own pockets they forgot their creed, that a "tariff makes things cheaper:" that the "foreigner pays the tariff tax;" "that the American laborer must be protected." Keep your money at home was forgotten when they saw the advantages of buying in the cheapest market.

One more object lesson may be given on the same point. Some years ago Senator Farwell was a member of the house. He brought in a bill to permit an association of gentlemen of Chicago and New York to purchase, duty free, steel ships built on the Clyde instead of dealing with John Roach on the Delaware. He said they proposed to establish a fast line to sail under the American flag; that they could be bought abroad for $100,000 each, but John Roach must have $250,000. Mr. Farwell professed full devotion to the doctrine of protection, but thought in this case the doctrine should be a little relaxed. If Mr. Farwell's friends had seen a way to spread out the tariff on these ships on the country as other tariff taxes are spread, would they have concerned themselves to have the tariff set aside?

There is another Chicago built in the Northwest each year—not in compacted structures along paved streets lighted with gas, but in frail tenements scattered over bleak prairies swept by sudden Arctic storms, which carry death and destruction in their path to the poorly provided pioneers. If the rich and great Chicago needed a tariff dispensation why not those struggling pioneers? The tools and machinery of the farmer of the Northwest aggregate somewhere near as much as that proposed line of steel ships; but we have not seen that Senator Farwell has concerned himself in getting them any relief from the tariff exactions. A rural editor not long ago declared war on all of his party who advocated the damnable heresy of free trade, as he called tariff reform. If he were to emigrate to Dakota poor in purse, a few blizzards might work in him a change of heart. Selling the crop in Liverpool in competition with the cheapest of all labor of Europe and Asia, and desiring to purchase with its avails blankets and other necessaries of life, he would think it strange he could not buy his supplies where he sold his crop. That law which should force him to buy of some New England combine, paying out of his scanty money one-fourth to one half in exactions, might look to him as the "damnable heresy." When his government did not need a tax from him, to force him to pay one to private pockets would look to him little less than robbery.

But the poor pioneers struggling to secure a home must be robbed by tariff exactions for the benefit, not of government, but to enrich great lumber lords and other protected classes.

The government owns that it no longer needs the money exacted by the war tariff. The confederated high tariffites demand that the system be continued for their benefit. To create a necessity for it they have agreed to urge upon the country the removal of a tax on whisky and tobacco. Did audacity ever make a more impudent demand? If western farmers, if consumers, will vote such a system upon themselves at the bidding of a long-pampered class interest, they become voluntary slaves.

It is now opportune to assert sound principles of public economy. That business which cannot sustain itself without bounties should close shop. If it will not pay its owner it will not pay the community to carry it. To protect one is to rob another. Let our manufacturing establishments which are ample to supply a continent try the experiment of running on full time and claim the world for a market. It is weak, cowardly, un-American to slink into a corner and profess to be too weak for such a contest.

The time is near when this will be done with unexpected success. Commerce will once more be counted as of old with agriculture and manufactures. To make our manufacturing brethren prosperous through a system of suppressing production, running on half time, exacting prices for their goods fixed by the greed of combines and trusts, cannot very long be endured. The struggle to establish a wrong principle may be sharp and prolonged, and push aside needed reforms, but the contest is at our doors, and we have no choice but to meet and overcome it, if we are, as Matthew Arnold pronounced us, a people who on public matters see clear and think straight.

Great Little Men.

Some of the greatest men that ever lived were of small stature and insignificant appearance. The reader will readily recall many instances. Very small are Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets, but they are far more effective than the huge old fashioned pills which are so difficult to swallow and so harsh in their action. The "Pellets" are gentle and never cause constipation. For liver, stomach and bowel derangements they have no equal.

Utica Lives, Moves, and has a Being.

The Prohibitionists of this town are on the alert—watching every oportunity to do all they can to defeat the republican and democratic parties, and of course, elect their full ticket next November. True, it will be a surprise, to see all the "old liners" step down and out and give the new party a chance to regulate the affairs of the nation,—a crisis which may come this fall, when we take into consideration the liberal amount of money ($300,) that was raised at the prohibition county convention—in fact, it was $301,—but our opponents, ever ready to give us a left-handed dig, only placed the sum at $300. It takes money to run a campaign, especially in a presidential campaign, and the prohibition party have got lots of it to raise, but it is legitimate—the other parties have always always made a practice of it, and have no right to complain when we come forward with our pocket books wide open.

H. W. Higby, has been spending a few days here. He has large land interests in Nebraska.

Miss Jennie Strobel has opened the school in District No. 1, this township, and a large attendance is looked for.

Rev. Boaz, of the Baptist church, informs us that he will take a rest from his labors, and enjoy a vacation.

George McGinnis has left us, gone back to Mendota. George had a host of friends here, and they will miss him.

We don't know how true it is, would not vouch for it, but the report is current that Utica sports bet all they took with them on the star, at the races in Ottawa, and then walked back to Utica.

Still a ghost-wall floats on the breeze descending from Oak Hill cemetery, remonstrating against the graves being turned into a free-for-all cow pasture. We are waiting anxiously to see what great reformation the new council will achieve, but it takes money to "pay as you go," and we had rather go on the "credit system" than pay with a revenue raised from the "license system." This is a prohibition town, and the village council evidently go on the belief that it is better to "let the dead bury the dead" and take their chances of a clean sweep by the prohibitionists next fall—it's bound to come, "they have got to go!" and so far as the cemetery is concerned, the grass is about all ate up, any way, and the cattle will be compelled to vacate in the near future. PROHIBITIONIST.

Humbug.

Barnum said: "The American People like to be humbugged." This may be true in the line of entertainment, but not where life is at stake. A man with consumption, or any lingering disease, looking death in the face and seeking to evade the awful grasp, does not like to be trifled with. So with confidence we place before our readers Nature's great remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a sure relief for that long train of diseases resulting from impure blood, such as consumption, chronic nasal catarrh, liver complaint, kidney disorders, dyspepsia, sick headache, scrofula and general debility. Time-tried and thoroughly tested, it stands without an equal! Any druggist.

Brookfield Items.

Harvesting is almost done in this vicinity; some farmers harvested steady for two weeks, Sunday included.

Some farmers are talking of threshing this week.

M. D. is cutting oats in Alien this week and part of last.

Something will give on binders sometimes, even if they are new, and of the best made. Can you get McCormick reapers in Kinsman, Mike?

Oliver Lee bought a new steel Deering binder this season.

Christ Werbert and Tom Dunn seem to be attached to the east side of Brookfield, Sunday afternoons. Ah, there, gents.

George Graham talks of attending school at the Morris Normal next term. Why not go to Genneseo, George.

L. Conners is building an addition to his house.

B. Bergerson has his barn almost finished.

Some of Brookfield's young school marms are attending the Institute at Ottawa. Brookfield has material for good teachers.

There will be a picnic one half mile north of Kinsman, Aug. 15th; all are invited. Sports of all kinds; base ball, foot races, etc.

Little Detective is all O. K, but you have not found him yet. Don't be too certain who he is until you find out.

We hear that William Underhill has 50 acres of oats to cut yet. Hurry up there, Bill.

We hear also that one of our Brookfield boys has been trying to imitate Enoch Arden, but failed in the attempt. More anon. LITTLE DETECTIVE.

A Greatful Acknowledgment.

MONTPELIER, O., Sep. 2, 1887.

The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.:

GENTLEMEN: I wish to proclaim to the world what S. S. S. has done for me For the past ten years I have been afflicted with dreadful ereptions on my face, caused by ivy poison. I was under the treatment of a number of physians, but obtained no relief. I tried the "best blood purifiers in the market," without avail. I had given up in dispair, thinking I could not be cured; but happening to read the Detroit *Journal*, I noticed S. S. S. advertised and Mrs. Bradley's testimonial. I thought I would try this remedy. I have taken eight bottles, *and there is not a spot on my face.* It has also cured me of chronic catarrh. I have never enjoyed better health than I do at present. I feel like a new person. I cannot find words sufficient to express my appreciation of its merits, and the gratitude I feel for the glad tidings that came to me through the reading of that advertisement. Wishing you every success I am, Yours Truly, JOSIE OWEN.

Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free. The Swift Specific Co., drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Our Neighbors.

A fatal accident occurred on the Salmon farm, east of Princeton last Thursday. Edward Johnson, 15 yerrs old, was driving a team to a hay fork. The clevis broke and the doubletree flew back and struck him in the stomach. He died the following day.

The sixteenth annual convention of the Young Men's Christian Associaton of the state will be held at Rock Island, Ill., Sept. 19 to 23, 1888.

The eastern Illinois Veteran's Association, whose reunion was to be held a Champaign and attended by many thousand veterans has been postponed to October 1 to 3d.

The twenty-fourth annual reunion of the 105th regiment, Ill. Vol. Inft., will be held at Bensonville, Du Page Co., Ill., on Tuesday, Sept. 1.

The state reunion of the A. O. H., which was to be held in La Salle, Aug. 16 and 17, on account of other important meetings and work, has been postponed to 14 and 15, at which time everything will be in readiness and a big time in that city is assured.

Some four months ago, while W. A. Johnson, a hardware merchant of Streator was using a tooth brush, a bunch of the bristles came loose from the back and lodged in his throat. All attempts by local physicians to remove them have proven unsuccesstul, and Mr. Johnson went to Chicago to consult some of the surgeons of that city. It is certainly a very unusual case.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

SUMMER HOUSE RENTING AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

A Dog Insurance Company and Lincoln's Dog Fight—Gossip About Ben Lefevre. Statesmen Who Have Built Washington Homes for Other Men to Live in.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, July 30.—Fully half of the fine houses in this city are vacant today. The families of the statesmen have departed for the seashore and their mansions are in the charge of servants or care takers. A number of them are cared for in a curious way, and Washington has the only dog insurance company in the country. There is an enterprising fellow here, who owns a dozen or more bulldogs, and he has utilized these in the taking care of big houses. He makes contracts with the owners of the houses to take charge of them in their absence. He agrees to air the house once a day and to become responsible for its contents and their condition. He has a dozen houses under his care, and he manages them with these dogs. As soon as the house is vacated he takes one of his bulldogs to it and leaves him in it, locking the doors and closing the windows. The bulldog is quite ferocious, and he knows his business. He would jump at any intruder, and he knows no command but his master's. His master visits him every morning, and feeds him and lets him run out while he airs the house. He then locks him up and goes on to the next house which he is taking care of, and treats the dog there in charge in the same way. He makes another round of his houses at night, and the experiment so far has, I am told, proved a success. There is no wear and tear of the furniture as when servants are left in charge of the house, and the owner is sure that it will not be turned into a one horse boarding house during his absence, which has happened in certain cases I have known.

Rents grow very cheap in Washington during the summer, and statesmen when they go away are often very glad to get some to stay in their houses and take care of them. It is hard to find good tenants even for nothing, and a leading western senator told me of his experience of last summer, the other night. Said he: "I had to be away four months and I did not want to store my furniture. Washington is a city of bedbugs and I feared if I packed it away it would be moth eaten and bug ridden. I looked about a long time and could find no one whom I thought would take the proper care of it. At last I decided to give it over to the brother of my stenographer. He had just married a country girl up in Delaware and seemed to be a nice fellow. He was employed in the government printing office and was paying probably $25 or $30 a month rent for his rooms. I thought that his wife would take good care of things and I told him I would charge him no rent whatever. I left everything in the house and went away with my family. When I returned I found half of the dishes gone and some fine flint glass tumblers were missing, and in their place were some thick enough to give you the lockjaw to drink out of them. I had a few dozen of wine in the cellar, and my wife had some fruit and preserves which were canned and packed away. When I got back my wine bottles were empty and the young Delaware married couple had eaten everything about the house, even to a box of sexlitz powders. They had used some patent oil burning apparatus in the range instead of coal and the walls of the kitchen were as dark as the stove. They had scandalized the neighborhood by moving about the house in light attire, and they capped the climax by offering me their gas bills to pay when I came back. They borrowed some fine volumes of music and took them off into the country, but these they afterward returned. I paid the gas bills and was glad to get rid of them."

Speaking of dogs I heard a story last night of the most remarkable bull dog fight on record as far as its audience was concerned. It took place during President Lincoln's administration, and the scene of it was the White House stables. I get my information from an eye witness who told me the story last night as follows:

"There used to be a coachman named Burke who has charge of President Lincoln's horses. He was a nice fellow, and he was, I think, finally discharged through Mrs. Lincoln, but through the influence of little 'Tad' got a place in the treasury, and from thence he was transferred to the war department. This man Burke had a very fine bull dog. Its tail was cut, and its ears were trimmed. Its body was cream colored save the head, which was black, and Burke used to boast upon this dog's fighting qualities. He kept it usually at the stables, but it was allowed the freedom of the White House grounds. The White House stables were then further over toward the treasury, and it was one bright afternoon about 4 o'clock that President Lincoln, Gen. McClellan and Senator Henry A. Wilson (afterward vice president) were walking toward them. Just as they reached the stable door Burke's bull dog rushed out and grabbed another stray dog which was passing. The other dog showed fight, and the trio of statesmen at once became interested. The dogs seemed equally matched, and Wilson proposed that they take the dogs into the barn and let them fight it out. Burke was called out, and the dogs were taken in and the doors closed. Then the fun began. President Lincoln handled the stray dog, while Burke managed his own. Bets were made on the first round, and I remember Lincoln's bet was a big red apple. The dogs were fought regularly according to sporting rules, and they were sponged off and washed from time to time. They were not allowed, of course, to materially injure each other. The fight lasted half an hour, and Wilson, McClellan and Lincoln haw-hawed all the time. Burke's dog finally won, but whether Lincoln ever paid his bet of a big red apple I do not know."

"Do you remember any presidents further back than Lincoln?" I asked.

"Yes," replied this man, who is now about forty years of age, "I can remember Buchanan very well, and I was about the White House as a boy. I can just remember Jefferson Davis when he was secretary of war under Pierce, and a curious incident happened to me then that fixed his face upon my mind. It was when I first learned to chew tobacco. I [illegible] coachman and he used to give [illegible] a chew of his tobacco. He [illegible] from his master, and [illegible] the slaves was much [illegible] by the free colored people [illegible] masters bought their [illegible] ey were usually very [illegible] d Davis' coachman [illegible] when Mr. Davis came [illegible] e to see a white boy [illegible] of a colored man and [illegible] l give you a chew,' [illegible] d out a plug and gave [illegible] He then gave me a [illegible] of tobacco and told [illegible] and I was a fool to [illegible]

[illegible], of Ohio, a day or [illegible] well and he is happy in being out of politics. He gets $10,000 a year from the Brice railroad syndicate and he has a chance to make five times this amount in speculation. He has a fine office in Wall street and he lives at the New York club. He has gotten used to New York ways of living and he says it is the finest place for a bachelor in the United States. He does not intend to come back to congress again, but he still holds his district in his pocket. Gen. Lefevre was perhaps the most successful politician in congress, and he understood how to manage his district better than any other member of the house. He kept a force of clerks continuously busy attending to the wants of his constituents, and he had a register of the names of the people of his district. These names were thoroughly classified and the list gave full data as to each man. He had the doctors by themselves, the lawyers by themselves, the farmers by themselves, and so on even to the auctioneers and clerks. He put leading men all over the country under obligation to him by sending them reports and documents which he knew would interest them and he spent a great deal of money in buying reports for his constituents. Every farmer in Lefevre's district got a package of seed once a year, and he answered the letters of his constituents the same day that he received them.

I went to a Washington auction the other day. It was of the goods of the foreign ministers. I found a line of carriages before the door as long as that at one of Mrs. Whitney's receptions, and the house was crowded with people of all classes and colors. I never saw such a collection of shoddy offered for sale. The chromos on the walls were about equal to those you will find in a country barber shop, and I picked up a plaster cast of a statuette and I found the price mark ninety-nine cents on its bottom. Everything was of a cheap character and of American make except a few dishes of Sevres china and about three paintings. The bidders seemed crazy and they paid bigger prices for the articles than they cost originally. They wanted the articles because they belonged to this South American Poo Bah. These sales of foreign legations have become quite a Washington feature. The auctioneer or the diplomat brings in a lot of cheap stuff and palms it off as his own and the really valuable articles are shipped away or sold at private sales. Washington is a city of auctions. Its population changes so often that sales are frequent, and there are some women who go from auction to auction and buy goods to sell again. Bargains are often gotten, as in the case of the sale of ex-Secretary Robeson's furniture some time ago. A piano which cost $4,000 went for $250. and other things in proportion.

Speaking of Secretary Robeson, his house was also sold at this time, and everything was given up to his creditors. The Robeson house is one of the finest in Washington. It is a great pressed brick mansion situated on Sixteenth street, near Scott circle, and in the most fashionable part of the city. It may be also called the most fatal part of Washington. Every house about this neighborhood seems to have brought its owner misfortune. Robeson's has ruined him. Just across the way is the big red brick of Senator Windom, which was photographed when Windom wanted a re-election to the senate, and copies of it scattered about his district. The result was that his constituents thought he had been making too much money in Washington and they refused to return him. Windom built this house, and he has lately sold it for $70,000 to some Chicago woman who will probably be an addition to Washington's rapidly increasing list of extravagant entertainers. It was in this Windom house that Blaine wrote a great part of his book.

Just below the Robeson mansion is George Pendleton's house, which he occupied for years, but which he had to leave when Payne was elected as his successor to the senate. He was given the ministry to Berlin to soften his woes, and it is Secretary Endicott, instead of Senator Pendleton, who now occupies it. Just below it is Don Cameron's big house, which was hardly finished before his political troubles in Pennsylvania began and he had to fight for a continuance of the reign of the Camerons. He sold it a year or so ago to the rich banker Morgan, of New York, and Morgan had not owned it a year before death left it to his widow.

Big houses are not a good thing for buncombe loving statesmen, and all along this part of the city I can show you homes of statesmen, who built houses, banking on their future political success to enable them to enjoy them, and who have failed to be re-elected. Robeson himself did this. He expected to get to the senate and failed. He then tried the house, and got left there also. Look at Van Wyck's big house. It is worth $75,000, and its owner is living in Nebraska, while Paddock has his place in the senate. Senator Conger, of Michigan, has a house here which he would, I doubt not, trade for one in Michigan, and Senator Stewart would be glad to sell his $125,000 house on Dupont circle. THOMAS J. TODD.

Hunting for War Portraits.

Mr. Hall stated as a curious fact in his experience that after hunting for years for a certain picture and finally obtaining it, two or three others of a similar kind would suddenly emerge from obscurity and come easily into his possession. There are a number of pictures, however, that appear to elude his search, notwithstanding he has sent by thousands printed alphabetical lists of their names throughout the country. Occasionally the artist stumbles upon what he wants in the most unexpected manner. The other day, in exploring the contents of an out of door book stand, he found an illustrated volume printed in 1863 which he had abandoned all hope of obtaining. "What's the price?" "Oh, take it for a dollar." Mr. Hall said he could scarcely get his money out fast enough, and when, after securing possession of the book, he jubilantly remarked, "This is a pretty good day's work—I'd have given you twenty dollars if you'd asked it," the dealer was mad enough to tear his hair and wouldn't sell him anything else.—New York Letter.

Gladstone and Salisbury.

Gladstone and Salisbury are twins in this matter of high churchism. For many years until the present political squabbles arose, these two great Englishmen were intimate private friends, though political foes. Both are patrons of church livings, both are deep read theologians, both hold the ultra High Church doctrine and both have, at least they used to have, a longing for reunion of the Catholic and Protestant communions under the wing of the Old Catholic movement favored by Dollinger. They used to visit each other and enjoy foraging among the musty tomes of the old library at Hatfield house, but, also, the poison of politics has killed the old time amity of two good men, and their friendship is a thing of the past.

Compensation in Course of Time.

"I've bawled my throat sore yellin' for those oysters," said an angry customer in a restaurant. "What's the matter?"

"Orders ahead, sah," explained the waiter. "Yo'll fin' dem raw oysters wery soothin', sah, fo' sore throat."—Life.

WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?

FASHIONS IN DRESS AT HOME AND AT SUMMER RESORTS.

Costumes Designed Especially for the Hot Days of Midsummer and Suited to Seashore and Inland Resorts—A French Costume Described.

For midsummer wear at fashionable resorts, French batiste dresses trimmed with embroidered scollops figure conspicuously. Then there are any number of dainty gowns in soft, thin material, with cream white ground overlaid with slender vine stripes or with miniature bouquets. These gowns are some of them made with the waist gathered on the shoulder in front and back and crossed over under the belt.

A SUMMER COSTUME.

Among attractive summer costumes are all white ones, such as is represented in the accompanying cut. The model here depicted was made of white embroidered lawn. The parasol, which is en suite, is also of white embroidered lawn, trimmed with lace. The white lace hat is trimmed with ribbon and green leaves. Similar dresses are made of a combination of batiste and crape.

An Attractive Bodice.

The bodice depicted in our illustration is an unusually graceful affair. It is also convenient, for it is designed to be worn with any pretty light colored skirt. It is made in rich yellow and golden brown brocade; the front and bosques are of yellow crape lisse. The ribbons on the sleeves are yellow moire.

AN ATTRACTIVE BODICE.

Ladies who have left over from last season dress skirts the wrists of which have become worn or old fashioned will find this bodice a useful auxiliary to their trotte, and there is little doubt but it will become very popular.

The Part Flowers Play in Dress.

Flowers are much affected this season. For riding, driving and walking special bodice bouquets are provided by the caterers of fashion, and a woman who is much in society now orders as many as three for one day. They are far larger than they used to be, even for gentlemen, who once more are not thought to be well dressed without a bouquet. For dinner parties, the Directoire wreaths of natural flowers have found great favor, and they are accompanied by a corsage bouquet; they fit in exactly with the rolls and coils in which the hair is now arranged. It is consistent and fitting that a pretty woman should bedeck herself with flowers, nature's jewels; in doing so now she is furthermore following the prevailing mode. The floral combs are becoming, and minimize the difficulties of hair dressing; the flowers are fastened inside the curved top of the comb. It can be placed straight at the back or sideways, and has a most coquettish effect.

Boas of lace, of flowers, of feathers, or of ribbon are in great favor with English women, who wear them at all seasons of the year, and also throw them around the neck when wearing low full dress corsages at the opera or at evening parties generally.

Uniformity in dress is extending itself, and the last idea is to have rooms arranged with flowers which accord exactly with the dress worn by the hostess. If she wears white, her rooms have only white flowers; if she selects yellow, then yellow blooms are the decorations, with possibly an aigrette, or a Directoire wreath, or bodice bouquet of the same bloom. This is an American notion, and a good one.

Summer Underwear.

Ribbed undervests of silk, fine wool or Swiss thread are the favorite garments for summer use, as they are of the lightest possible weight, and fit the figure as if molded upon it. Flesh tints, pink and ecru are most liked, but fancy colored vests are also worn. Those worn with evening full dress toilettes are V shaped in the neck in front and back, and are finished with lace edges, through which a ribbon drawing string is passed; white, cream and gold are the choice colors in silk vests.

The lisle thread vests are inexpensive, and are preferred in pure white; these are either high or low in the neck, with merely a well woven armhole instead of sleeves. Gauze merino vests that are half wool and half cotton are as fine as a web or as lace, and are as nearly fitted to the figure in jersey shapes, with only a selvage for sleeves; these are worn by delicate women who must have a modicum of wool even for midsummer garments. Fish net vests of rough, coarse meshes are called sanitary vests, as their rough surface promotes circulation.

The union or combination garments, with vest and drawers in one piece, are made up in silk and in merino; those of silk are low in the neck, with short sleeves, and are preferred in flesh pink shades; they are also made in very elastic ribbed silk, with either high or low neck and short or long sleeves. Ladies' riding vests or spencers are an extra waist to wear over the corsets inside the habit bodice; they are of ribbed silk or of merino, with high neck, and either short or long sleeves.—Harper's Bazar.